

## A PLOT TO STEAL \$60,000.

## ANTIQUES AND FRIENDLESS.

Why Messrs. Birch and Buckus have Given Axises to a Certain Primate joke.

Every gas jet was lighted, and the entire family resorted to a brilliant illumination. The diamond ring of Mr. Birch found its way into the hands of the watchman, and the diamond ring of Mr. Backus lay at the other end of the company's chain again, their shapely and uniformly disposed legs; these rings of somewhat inferior lustre rested carefully and conspicuously upon their right knobs; their clasp-tight pins resembled a row of locomotive headlights set to focus upon and blind the efficient leader of the orchestra, and an audience which filled the resort ratified the crisp programmes in its gloved hands and prepared to give it a hearty hand-clapping.

Beginning at 8 o'clock the orchestra broke forth, and the admiring entertainment was put through.

The boy chorister and the vocal soloist sang with music, Mr. Elliman sang.

The Bridge Inn, earth-rattling bass, Mr. Backus and Mr. Birch sang respectively the sentiments.

Wife No. 1 terminates at the depot in Jersey City, and runs along the main section of the road. The operators were much surprised by this extraordinary order, but as they supposed that the letters "W. J. H." stood for the name of W. J. Holmes, Superintendent of Telegraphs, they obeyed the order. Almost immediately afterward a message, signed with the name of Bird W. Spencer, the Treasurer of the company, reached the office in Jersey City over wire No. 1. It was directed to Paymaster White, and informed him of the discovery of a plot to rob the paymaster's safe. The despatch said that the thieves were to come from this wire, and that the alarm bell was to be rung at the station and at the telegraph. The existence of the plot, the telegram went on to say, had been communicated to the police by Holmes, and his address had been procured by the operators.

He had, it was added, specially detailed Detective Boykin to remove the money to a place of absolute safety.

At 8 o'clock the alarm bell was rung.

Mr. Holmes, however, pathetically said:

"How do you do, Mr. Birch and Mr. Backus?"

"We are here," replied the remarkable pair amably.

"Have you any idea?" pursued the reporter.

"We are of no use about the plot if in thought," said Mr. Backus.

"How do you know?" asked the reporter.

"There are some jokes," said Mr. Birch.

"The possession of which by one man or men causes nothing," continued the reporter.

"Noticing that he was sincerely considerate to the point of wisdom," said Mr. Birch.

"Mr. Birch," said Mr. Backus, kissing his hand to one of the "Mascot" people who remarked, "On your tairr," quoth the reporter.

"How do you know?" asked the reporter.

"There are some jokes," said Mr. Birch.

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